WE CAN PRAY FOR IF ONLY WE WILL REACH OUT OUR HEARTS AND HANDS TO RECEIVE IT

SOME LITANIES

JESUS, HOPE OF THE DESPAIRING, HELP US AT THIS HOUR

R. MEUX BENSON

Some Litanies

Compiled by

K. F. HOOD

1958

LET US PRAY

Pardon me, forgive me, of Thy pity, when in my prayer I think of other things but Thee.

(*St. Thomas á Kempis.*)

"If with all your heart ye truly seek Me ye shall ever surely find Me." Thus saith your God.

Nothing but Christ in thee
so shall ye be
hiddenly
silently
Christ brought to birth
in thy dark earth
Christ's likeness wrought
Christ's thought
secretly
like leaven
working heaven
conforming
transforming
till God shall see
nought but His Christ
in thee.

" Praying for something or somebody ", said the Abbot, " is a very, very dangerous thing to do. *One is always heard.* And one never really knows what one is asking for. I would never dare to ask God for anything without adding ' if such is Thy holy Will ' or ' if such is best for me '. Of course God sometimes says ' No ' to our prayers . . . seemingly. But when He does, His ' No ' in one issue will be transformed into a stream of grace in another—often in many others. *There is no such thing as a prayer not heard.*"

" It is not often we are allowed to see a large piece of the pattern of God's work on earth, and that has its good reasons, without doubt. After all, a little faith and hope and love is all we can contribute to the building of the Kingdom, and faith would be unnecessary if we knew all things. Thank God, we don't. If we knew from knowledge alone, it would be like stating that stone is hard or water is liquid. Of course, human beings can deceive us, and we meet with disappointments, and have to fall back on God, Who never deceives . . . *and Who never is deceived.*"

(*From " The Last Crusade " : L. de Wohl.*)

A MORNING LITANY

Holy Father Who watchest over Thy
Children by night and by day,
Blessed Jesus, our Food and our Stay,
Sweet Spirit, Light and Guide of our souls,
Glorious Holy Trinity, Abyss of Love.

Have mercy and save us.

Holy, Blessed and Glorious Trinity,
In Thy perfect Beauty,
In Thy boundless Power,
With the Holy Mother,
With the Holy Angels,
With the Blessed Saints,
In union with every Eucharist
Which is offered to-day.

We adore Thee.

Our Prayers and our Praises,
Our daily work,
All our thoughts,
All our words,
All our deeds.
Our joys and our consolations,
Our sorrows and our troubles,
Our difficulties, doubts and anxieties.

We offer to Thee.

On all Priests in their Ministrations,
On all Religious in their Life of Prayer,
On all Missionaries throughout the world,
On all Travellers by land, sea, or air,
On all who are going out to work,
On all Children at home or at school.

Send Thy blessing, O Lord.

In our daily temptations,
Good Lord, deliver us.
When we forget Thee,
Recall us to Thyself.
In any danger of soul or body,
Preserve and defend us.

May the Blessed Trinity help us with heavenly love,
May our Holy Guardians watch over us and pray when we forget to pray,
May our souls this day be made more fit for the day which has no end.

Through Jesus Christ
Our Lord,
Amen.

A LITANY FOR OUR FELLOW CHRISTIANS

To the souls who pass Thee by in Thy Sacrament, and to whom It is as nothing,

Grant Thy mercy, Pitiful Jesu.

To the souls who visit Thine Altar, yet know Thee not in the reality of Thy manifestation,

Grant Thy truth, Loving Jesu.

To the souls who partake of Thee, and yet know Thee not,

Grant penitence, O Divine Jesu.

To the souls whose thoughts even at the hour of Communion with Thee are set on earthly things,

Grant the love of Thy Eucharist,
O Jesu.

To souls saddened by trial and suffering,

Grant the joy of Thy Eucharist,
Holy Jesu.

To souls striving for a life of union with Thee,

Grant the strength of Thy Eucharist,
O Incarnate Jesu.

To souls departed in the fear of the Lord,

Grant refreshment in the land of Peace,
Jesu, God of life and death.
Amen.

A VESPER HYMN

The day is over, with its lights and shadows,
The Vespertide shines tranquil in the West ;
Then turn thee, O my soul, from things created
Unto thy rest.

From vanities and falls and faint endeavours,
Through which, O Lord, Thou knowest I love
Thee still ;
The homage of a tired mind I bring Thee
And steadfast will.

With all within me that I shrink from telling,
I yet beneath Thy pitying gaze can stand ;
Stretch o'er me, Lord, for healing and for blessing
Thy piercèd Hand.

Hide me as the long night draws ever nearer,
With every hour of this life's lessening span ;
For Thou hast tasted death, Immortal Saviour,
For every man.

Lighten all darkness of the flesh and spirit,
Keep me from fears and perils of the night ;
Who of this world and of the Golden City
Art the true Light.

Thou Who didst give Thy very Self, Lord Jesus,
For food to those that seek the things above ;
What less than self-surrender dare I offer
Thine awful Love ?

With Angels and Archangels and blest Spirits,
Who to the Triune God their hymns address ;
I praise Thee and adore, in solemn gladness,
Thy Holiness.

O patient Lord, Who weariest
not of me; O Thou alone Who
weariest not of me,
O dearest Lord, remember me
in Thy compassion.
Leave me not lest I walk
not with Thee. Slow, slow
my steps, halting and often
turning back. Be not weary,
Lord, of tarrying for one who
keeps not pace with Thee.

He is our clothing that for love wrappeth us and all encloseth us for tender love that He may never leave us.

(*St. Julian of Norwich.*)

A NIGHT LITANY

O God our Father, hear us.

We plead before Thee the loving Heart of Jesus for all who stand tonight in most need of Thy merciful love and protection.

On souls beset by temptation,

Have mercy.

On those who have fallen into sin,

Have mercy.

On those who are in deadly sin,

Have mercy.

On those who are given up to worldliness and are forgetful of Thee,

Have mercy.

On those who are at this moment in danger of losing Thee for ever,

Have mercy.

By Thine Agony, save them, Jesus.

Those who are tempting others,

Convert to Thy love.

On those who are carrying on wicked trades and profiting by sin,

Have mercy.

On the victims of sin,

Have mercy.

On all who are imperilling their souls by luxury and self-indulgence,

Have mercy.

On all who frequent places and haunts of temptation and sin,

Have mercy.

By Thy Scourging, save them, Jesus.

On all who are homeless tonight, the weary, the starving, those tempted to suicide, the intemperate,

Have mercy,

For those whose work it is to save others,

Grant help and protection.

For the refugees, those in occupied countries, the frightened, lonely and broken-hearted,

Heal them, Jesus.

For those who work all night, police, railwaymen, firemen, those engaged on the stage, soldiers, sailors and airmen, editors and journalists and Members of Parliament.

Let Thy Presence be with them.

By Thy night watching, save them, Jesus.

For the sick and suffering and all enduring any agony of mind and body,

Comfort them, Jesus.

For all undergoing operations,

Strengthen them, Jesus, and help them in body and soul.

For the sleepless and lonely,

Be near them.

For those in anxiety, nervous or mental distress,

Calm them, Jesus.

For the insane,

Keep them in Thy power.

For those who attend upon the insane,

Make them tender-heared and compassionate.

For night nurses,

Give faithfulness and sympathy.

For priests and doctors called out this night,

Reward them.

By Thy Crown of Thorns, deliver them, Jesus.

For those who this night will suffer bereavement,

Visit and sustain them.

For those for whom this will be their last night on earth,

Deepen their contrition and receive their souls.

For those whom sudden death summons before Thy judgment,

Have mercy, Jesus.

For those dying alone without priest or Sacrament,

Have mercy, Jesus.

For those dying rejecting the ministry of Holy Church,

Have mercy, Jesus.

On those dying unconscious,

Have mercy, Jesus.

On those dying blind to their sin,

Have mercy, Jesus.

On the souls of unbelievers and heretics who are near death,

Have mercy, Jesus.

On those who are trying to turn to Thee even in this their last hour,

Have mercy, Jesus.

For those who are afraid to die,

Turn their heaviness into joy.

For dying priests, religious and all communicants,

Have mercy upon them and receive them to Thyself.

For the faithful departed,

Grant them light and peace.

For ourselves in our last hour,

Grant the pardon of our sins, our negligences, and our ignorances.

By Thy Holy Death, deliver us all, Jesus.

On behalf of those who have said no prayers to-day, let us say :

Our Father . . .

He gives His angels charge of those that sleep, but He Himself watches with those that wake.

To offer to God one's sleeplessness, weariness or pain for someone in deep mental or physical distress is to be allowed to share in Christ's sufferings, to have one's sense of frustration taken away and to be given great peace of mind. It is constructive action as against negative acceptance.

It is a mystery that Thou
  Should'st use my weariness and pain.
I will not stay to ask Thee how,
  But offer Thee myself again ;
That so my sufferings in this hour
  May have, in Thine, redeeming power.

(*M. L.*)

O Saviour I have nought to plead
  In earth beneath, in heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need
  And Thy exceeding Love.

The need will soon be past and gone,
  Exceeding great but quickly o'er.
The Love unbought is all Thine own
  And lasts for evermore.

I offer
Thy Crown of Thorns
for my sins of thought :
Thy wounded Hands
for my sins of deed :
Thy wounded Feet
for my sins of omission :
Thy wounded Side
for my sins against love.

Ye call Me Maker and obey Me not.
Ye call Me Light and see Me not.
Ye call Me the Way and take Me not.
Ye call Me Life and desire Me not.
Ye call Me Wise and follow Me not.
Ye call Me Fair and love Me not.
Ye call Me Rich and ask Me not.
Ye call Me Eternal and seek Me not.
Ye call Me Gracious and trust Me not.
Ye call Me Noble and serve Me not.
Ye call Me Mighty and honour Me not.
If I condemn you, blame Me not.

(13*th Century Library at Lübeck.*)

Grant me, above all objects of desire, to rest in Thee, and still my heart to perfect peace in Thee. For Thou art the true peace of the heart, Thou art its very rest, and out of Thee all is restless and unquiet. In this peace, that is in Thyself alone, my chiefest and eternal good, may I go forth and do Thy Holy Will.

HOLY Jesus, grant to us :
Grace for our offendynges,
Space for our amendynges,
And Thy Face to be seen at our endynges.

Published by The Mothers' Union, 24 Tufton Street,
Westminster, S.W.1. Price 6d. nett.
Printed by Warren & Son Ltd., Winchester. R2969